

DELIQUESCENCE

(2012)



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In the landscape of extinction, precision is next to godliness.
Samuel Beckett

Deliquescence

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The Castle

I feel that the drawbridge is rising.
I do not know what side of the moat
will I be caught behind? Will I be snug
in the castle? No realistic appraisal
is available to these hammers
and drums and what not.
I could carry the castle on my back
'til we reach high ground,
is not realistic anymore than
the castle which of course is not.
Now if the castle is bald and overweight
and I am a man of my word,
what happens is unexpected.
It is charged as from above,
as by the very shock of God.
And pretend we must
that something explains.
Bald and overweight.
You should see this
Chinese guy walking
against my wall.

How Green Is My Isle

...prying, that would be great.

Kevin Killian

Cuz I am not a ghost
and can be fetched from afar,
no magnificent mountains
want to restrain me.

The voice that invades me
wants to break its stupid balloon
while refraining from slander and lust
and being incarnate of its moments,

regardless of hip hop or saran wrap,
so it wiggles down the toddler's road
despite its dementia and the raucous shakes
(epicenter under the Oakland Zoo).

O what a night it was, such a night.
Something vaguely Gaelic knocked
through a cable all the way home.
Suspicion stood still and had a flavor.

Global Something

Let me praise the unencumbered notion
that a door that stands open is false.
A tennis ball in the Colorado River
has no place to call home or a braved dog
to be its purpose or its surrender.

If the door is way more than ajar, it changes
the circumference of this doomed planet.
We have to whisper this; let the mayors sleep.
A big, trite tree that knows all
won't wake up because it's raining.

But the English laurel hedge swears
that feared company is coming—all directions.
The minute we leave, the doors fall off.
All embellishments scatter like sautéed onions.
Only odor, regret and dead eggs survive.



The Way It Goes

The pagoda rubs my nose.
There is no other verb for it.
My dream of mud and gauze
sees me as a derelict.

A rice and paper room that glows,
a room that has more lick and spit
than a varnished catcher's mitt
where meditate the pros.

A wee more cushion for a seat
whence God came from nothing
and made of the sitting something
and after udon off God went

back to the smoke and cloud of nil
and made illusions of our bones
made to make us feel at home
but near the end we still feel ill.

Life

Now writing the result of a brain
that continues to consider options
that are opaque opportunities
opposite the usual nerve ends
that we accept at birth with a scream.

These words are as biological as blood
and the useless spleens we also accept
—spinning, spurious, splendid spleens,
priceless, proofless, problematic products
of an imperfect, important, imported creation.

The cheeks we sit on are enchanting,
as attractive as a baboons babe's making baby babs,
even if you think baboons are irrelevant, annoying,
and coming from a distant planet which harbors
absolutely nothing like us nuts.

The smart ones like us shave to survive.
We shave so we will be asked to make shavers.
The intense emotional stress to which we are awake
is lots like what a pig knows when it will be pork.
Scream when you're born and when you die.

Preludes and Fugues

The instrument of life
does not have a download
to give Intel a life
or to make a application
or an ap to make the damn
thing mean a meaning
or whatever an organ
sounds like but, of course,
that's a lie, it's just what
Intel and all that stuff
is good at but my neighbor
still rattles his garbage bins
and his recycle bins
and his compostable bins
just as I am ready to Bach up
and feel the keyboard and
the air that the pipes project
for the sacred moments
the fragile moments
those few blessed moments
before I notice my skin is dry
and age is creeping up on me
and everything I pretend to be.

Ephemeral

*We know what we're looking at,
when by some it can't be seen.*
Saint Cynosure of Dallas

A picture of something in Tucson that defines
the escape we long for, a spot of eternity
has been dismantled by the joys of someone
who wants a billion dollars and home on the beach.

They, the ones who have no place to go, are heartened
knowing the chances of any real relief are heightened
by the God-given monument of chance as it should be
an assembly of words that makes moments pass properly.

I don't beat up the kid next door because he has an Oreo.
I wait for the monster that will disappear at the dawn
of yelling out was-it-pancakes or was-it-waffles
that made this particular day the essence of fun and games.

Backwards, always back, this is the moment of relief.
Sailors know the way back to the rewarding port.
Even the monsters know their place and will negotiate.
I think as it ends the ending will be a congratulation of sorts.

Listening (for Steven Seidenberg)

*We must have the throstle on the gramophone.
Where shall we find more than derisive words?
Wallace Stevens, Owl's Clover*

This love so innocent,
a rigor ma role so insolent,
caprice, canned corn, complacent,
but determined to make cement...

Some derivation of amour propre
to inject the fervor of calm clam
silence that makes the world go away
—I am on board; I believe that way.

A constant containment of the brain so far
has blessed us with a mongrel,
a thing, an object, nothing without it
be it plural or cozy or satisfying.

It's not just the club of competing words
but the rubbing ruddiness that demands it.
Take my mistress; take my mail,
but do not take my optional behavior gravely.

Crotch Poem

It's an edge. It's a design. What to call it?
The chute to big coal bin?
The growth of a bank essay?
There is too much space to fill.
Inking the doll I thought she could be,
but sex is frail, so is he and me.
The puzzle lay flat to be used
as a management skill.
When we vie to spell another
the ground shakes and mother roars.
Dial any number and stand back.
The icon rolls her eyes. The eggs
are ready like a week of years again.
If it's visible watch out for broken glass.
The beat of the quarter note won't last.
Take it down a notch
and the sense of smell improves,
to know its crankiness and silly answers.
You can't do less if it is no more
nor more if it is no less.
Poetry is not geometry or physics.
In the meantime (the only time)
my penis is a musical instrument
without a key to play in.

Armageddon

Capitols are caving in.
Ancient heroes no longer smile.
Remember when we first looked up and spoke?
The echo implied was as bright as noon.
Never, never, never will it come back again.
Those first people have lost the list.
It is horrible to think we know the end.
Every day is a medieval day.
The crosshairs of eternity are visible.
You say 3D I say silhouette.
Contrast and compare my foot,
the world is now thrust up on us.
What's a crisis but a melody
that screws itself up on a Z clef?
Such is the anticipated moment
when God knows what will happen.

Something Basic

*"...the collective meaning of all human desires,
is fundamentally a mystery beyond our grasp.
Eugene P. Wigner*

The fundament is wherefrom we defecate
which in itself is mysterious enough,
especially when you plus it with
all that happens from sperm and ovum
to get there well enough to do it.

When you can do it no longer
and the fundamental urge is lost,
the mysteries will surely appear,
when we have no grasp, no desire,
no aptitude or breath.

Not to stretch the point
but more to demonstrate good will,
Fritz Perls was said to have said
that most of what we say is bullshit
and philosophy is elephantshit.

From fundament to firmament
wherefrom we search like eagles
for something to say, to believe,
if not Fritz Perls, then the postman
who does not read what he delivers.

Slow Change Again to Come

*The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.
W. B. Yeats, *The Second Coming**

Will it always be no regrets
for the pitiless disregard,
deaf to distress, to mania,
the unhearing violence
to the unwilling innocent
who now must be willing
to make a will to his survivors?

How can that innocent
know that what he gives,
his remissions, his grace,
his love, will remain when
the ashes of billions
are sifted for memories
that have no place to rest?

Is it in the dark matter
that the hope for restitution,
the sword of kindness,
will find a willing subject,
one who is dead or alive,
to make what is just
be all that matters?

Elections

*Once you try to embrace an absolute geometric circle
the naked loss stays with you like a picture echoing.*
Jack Spicer, *A Textbook of Poetry*

Sorry, the future is not here for you to embellish.
The cram of all your words and will are fabulously
too cooked, too little breath, a conventional crisis.

Thoughts evaporate like old, soiled, once-shouted rain.
Your brain knows words are slaves to be exploited,
to put wandering, wondering, cascading into so long.

Pause is impossible. Only delirium and sleep reveal
that the truck (Harvester) backs up and dumps
for you: flavors, the risk of fire, a trifling suspended moment.

Government cannot accomplish the dream of peace.
Our votes are our accumulated accidents, and numbers
are no substitute for a clause that obeys what God is.

Who will join you to die for the mysteries of mind?
You created and managed matter as did we all,
knowing judgment is suspended until the final flush of vanish.

Late Plans

It's been the best day but the house is chilly so...
the friends are so honest but discreet so must we,
I don't know, reach for heaven?
Put our flag down and claim it.
This is my realm, my, omygod, my substance,
that wiggles just like God does.
If substance is all this what I feel this yup,
I'm beginning to see the light.
With a little help I could sing it.
But then again my nostrils flare
and ruining the what I most expect.
Between the margins that secret
blend a harrowmony that's yours.
That's right, no matter what it is,
it's yours, it's yours, it's yours.
" We decided to build him a cat house
and give him some shelter.
With the weather we had this year,
this was one of the better projects. "

Expectations

Now we progress to where the rubber
meets the road, the alternative being
stupid about where we are headed.

Our escape is implausible, a bird's nest,
a wreath path from unknown to unknown.
Take a few more steps to the taco truck.

Clearly we are all invisibly destined.
The damn science has no sense of rescue.
Roots make plant and plants make roots.

You can't make an offering that isn't burnt.
Sitting in a twisting tire that smiles its way
back to daddy and mummy is enough.

Enough is always enough. Too little, a beer,
a fried, breaded chicken breast bunned up
is the most and least one can expect from.

Did You Listen to It?

*Imagine also that the dead are not alive
and his awkward face.*

Jack Spicer, *A Fake Novel About the Life of Arthur Rimbaud*

A caprice is immoderate. It swells
and then means. It's meaning is swell
and immoderate. It knows the well.

Clamp down on the bit. Chomp it.
Yes, the melody is fake, so fuck it.
A deep kiss on the mouth involves spit.

I pray and pray against the wall.
Lew, another poet, said it all.
The thrall of Messiaen precedes the fall.

Returning the recording without comment...
Do you pretend the ardor was not sent?
Are not our wicked devices a mutual consent?

Pronouns disguise the impatience and lies.
So little has appeared before our demise,
the fading it seems of the larynx and eyes.

The final compromise is using English,
and the final complication is what we relish.
Thank God we are unconscious when we die.

A Contemplation Worthy of Consideration

*He will transform the body of our humiliation so that
it may be conformed to the body of his glory, by the power
that also enables him to make all things subject to himself*

Philippians 3:21

Put it on automatic not thinking, only gesticulating;
that switch that ignores the LED light;
and to cite from everywhere everyone loves to cite and mess with:
“an optical phenomenon and electrical phenomenon in which
a material emits light in response to the passage
of an electric current or to a strong electric field.”
Dear Paul, you have the chutzpah to imagine
those lofty kind of pommes frites things which
(God help me) makes you think (why?) you have
the last word (God help you). The last word
has only lately been understood to be a forever word
that cannot will not (surprise!) cannot be forever.
The problem of course is all about forever.
If forever is then we are already there and
scourge yourself if you must. Imagine
(if you must) being dragged around
because you lost a simple boxing match in which
your uppercut was unable to overwhelm
his uppercut and humiliation ensues.
Sports analogies will diminish the truth
with which you have been entrusted.

Hey Zeus and Cam Us

*The outcome of (man's) thought...flowers
in images. It frolics in myths...with no other
depth than that of human suffering...*

Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus

Hey Zeus might say it's December
and the snow that's quickly melting
is the sign of suffering that will be mastered
to break the spell that life is only breathing,
because life is just one of us who are many
and who melt into what cannot be known,
beyond brain, beyond sight, beyond pain.

All Bear could say pain is a destiny that quits
and remembers before it stops to say hello
and other friendly reminders of the immediate,
when all our wits accept our quickest feelings,
our disgust of fear, then let's our lips touch
as if such moments are sturdier and lighter
than the real doom which cannot be forgotten.

So what I might say and another might
as the cat comes along and sits on this page
and bites what does the writing fueled
by the familiar hysterical purring, the same
as it does when giving birth to an assembly
of kittens who will never write with big brain words
or make a bed, a cassoulet, or a destructive weapon.



Andrew Darby

*...the problem was with Andrew,
although he never would agree to be tested.*

Ann Beattie, The Working Girl

What a swell time we had tonight,
even if I was alone; it's poetry.
What in God's earth is a soul,
anyway? The discharge accumulated
resonant, raunchy, redemptive thoughts?
Walking with a limp, you'd think
not how many steps, but where to?
Just nod and utter, "How ya doin'?"

We are all rectangles or incidents
of sloppy, suburban, curious lives.
The fireplaces, flames and embers—
What are you waiting for?
We bow to you, Ann Beattie, and
your story about Andrew Darby and others.

The Wood Nut

*We seeming solid wealth, strength, beauty build,
But really build idolons.
Walt Whitman, Idolons*

Arise to the sunset in a million dollar house.
It seems like we haven't begun.
The linens are shattered and the pillows.

It's still too early to tell.
The garage is still overwhelmed
by crappy stuff that don't belong there.

Legs are being severed and the sky (what is that?)
is crushing our fondest hopes but not
the violent fog that measures dreams.

Does this silent admiring taste for corruption
continue until the creation (that's me) just stops?
No real danger presents itself, just idolons.

I long to see the bared, barren pussy in the meadow,
but long dark roads crusted by swollen rivers
take me to court to explain myself.

The Love of Patience

"I am glad to see you, Joe.

Give me your hat."

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*

This was never meant to be
—a grackle with words so aggravating
and sometimes difficult to spell
was not destined for this foul earth.

Clam up, spoke the silence and meant it,
but the years roll by and handwriting
—such an atavistic system of art—
has passed with its diphthongs and diacritical

junk that will not convince or convey
even one dear moment of absolute complicity
to the horde waiting downtown,
measuring the miles among stops of travel.

Focus (we will) on the conveyance,
the color of the wheel stubs and grand skates,
the measuring of the next breath and the next.
How imperturbable can one be without a laugh?

Cookin'

Soupçon not to be confused with the molé
I'm about to erect the Bayless version
of what Mexico's government likes to eat.
If only I was there I would know how hard
it is to find chihualches chiles anywhere
even Oaxaca where the little puppies
are supposed to be from with their
seeds and ears and toenails and
whatever else food or feed is supposed to be
why so much fuss or feast.

Soups on. Night bees gather round.
Your honey wants you with bay leaves
for the administration of consumption.
The post of sous chef is unfilled.
Where do you find chihualches if not
in Oaxaca where they are patent pending?
The construction of chocolate (say it
correctly please) salsa is bending the
epicure's sagacity for what's to eat
anyway the turtle is lost.

Where does the food go?
We all know the answer to that
little provoking catechism.
It's an instant conundrum of
chocolate versus what do you think
that looks like? Not your biologic
distribution but the promise that
in no time will it matter.
Appearances are deceiving
and so are disappearances and
this is where it got us.

Grass

The lawns are new now;
the same but novel and their plight
wants sharp implements which
are older and more utile
than pregnant and stale ideas.

Lawns yawn without terror
immune to insignificance;
some blending the past with
the moment that closes in,
coming irrevocably nearer.

Green blades that are cut
making a mess but still unsexed;
they retrieve whatever was growing them,
whatever they were allowed to possess,
while waiting for the clover to smother.

Life in the dirt seems suspect
but can't be avoided because dirt
is the foundation of all sustenance
regardless of the embarrassing need
for water—that weird ordained concoction.

Hopscotch

When I don't find the words coming,
I know that it is not me,
it's the damn word,
the foundation of the thoughts
that intercept and anesthetize
and addict me to them
that keep screwing up the best
where and when I wonder
that could have been here
if I could have won the poetry lottery.
And that's how I found
(well, not me, but the person who's me)
how the game is played.
It's an indulgence that percolates
and says "leave me behind"
and gracelessly loses the oral way
to make Sunday the first day
and what we most pretend
(that's the name of the game)
will be our salvation
from the ultimate conundrum (is it not?)
what in the devil or in the savior says:
Work on the love part. The hopscotch.
Now I leave you with a right cheek kiss
that says: Remember how many skips
it takes to win the Laylay.
(The game's generic name in Persian is Laylay.)
The problem: One proclaims its vibrancy,
the other its unpopularity.

After the Reading

With consonants fiercely betrayed
the vowels bow in the circle of light.
Illuminations are filtered and coughed up
by the rancor and dream of speech.

Mother, why do we bother to welcome
the fronds that stand in the door?
The inferno stands also but to reason.
Eyes are pasted to the page.

My indolence made me listen:
my insolence rearranged all intentions.
When do we get to the mu shu chicken?
Can't throw up a bloody mary, no.

Let's Pretend

*I am hard to disgust,
but a pretentious poet can do it...*
Marianne Moore, *Mercifully*

A vision of a brain inserted in Tuolumne
visits by bus as often as it must
and leaves visible scars as an afterthought.
It sits profound for a minute
then it escapes to visit the ancestors
who made all things come to pass.
On the bingo card—no letters nor numbers
have guts enough to talk to Tuolumne
and all its misapprehension of race
or time or the antecedents of lives lost
merely by living as they expected.
Take the change and save it.
You may yet live another squabbled day.
Thank you, Jesus, for explaining this.
I wrote to you and am waiting for more.

Location

In our town the paper Journal
and paper Sun are yet flung
and lay like pathkill at our gates
and at our big doors, good and bad,
to sweat in blue plastic in the rain
or fade in the light. The menu
from the Golden Flower hangs
on our latches; but Siete Palmas
and Sogni D'Alio don't print, only cook.
Our streets are paved and the drains back up
to puddles. The what/who-to-vote-for signs
dominate the hyper flowers and scruff grass
and pseudo grass and rocks and stones
that decorate our campsites of hundred-year-old
post-Eisenhower gag apartments.
We demand that our children play
and the old folks (and we all are now)
want sirens to be handy when we call.
We boast our aircraft carrier
and our courses of golf,
and surely but slowly we all whizzle
after we hump. Before and after the mall
and the visit to super vendors we sleep
like babies and like our many cats and dogs.
We know who we multiethnically are but
the annular eclipse does not go unnoticed.

Management

*"Biddy", said I, "how do you manage it?
Either I am stupid, or you are very clever."
"What is it that I manage? I don't know",
returned Biddy, smiling.
Charles Dickens, Great Expectations*

You can't write poetry without your pants on,
cuz otherwise it gets too long and a game of cribbage
gets under your skin and makes the distance well worth it.
This document will not accept crimps and thoughtless melodies.

Down to earth and back again, if you say so, if it matters.
What matters is crumbled under the mist terra,
which was forged before, forged now, and forged often,
complicated by waterfalls and irreligious bloodletting.

Pause now to wonder if the words are legitimate and admissible.
No wonder the bugs and mold and extraneous growths are grumbling.
This is where George Herbert collapses and the choir mumbles.
Down to earth and back again, our comical clown is disrupted.

It is to be better at wailing, fireworks and penumbral consultations,
and never to conclude or exclude or delude our big shot's wishes;
after all, our families, daughters, grandkids and the like,
not omitting matrimonial commitments, are what life is about.

Plus those leftover friends who visit for sushi and movies and this.
We will all step carefully; the dog's been here on the grass.
Will it be better for it? Tell the President to watch our for it.
Tories (tears) crawl up the brow then happenstance happens.

Corporations and bloggers and nurses and Penny Packer are listening.
I wish they would behave like reasonable people legally.
Then the meltdown would slowdown or hasten
and ignorance and trust would make a better story.

It has to stop—that sound—the motorcycles—I hate 'em.
I hate 'em when they don't know their place,
when they just go on and on forgetting they have small relevance
to the problems of the day, the night, the corner of the light.

And yet, Lance, my friend, treats them like they are creative,
as good as nonsense or a lovely woman, or a mistake
that makes love go on, despite the ridiculous amount of noise.
Lance should know better but, y'know, he's almost as old as me.

Is ice cold? Is the morning actually new? It should stop now
when the lemons and oranges and apricots are ripe
and need to be eaten. Alabaster is the best word for the nonce.
It gobbles up all the crap the dog won't eat.

Viva la Résistance

*No more low wet grounds, no more dykes
and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle...*

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*

When we catapult into the yellow sausage, we scarcely know.
Yes, the tunnel was open. Was she resisting sideways?
FDR was loved and hated. Sister Elizabeth Kenny cured,
by the bye, Alan Alda's poliomyelitis. Drum roll.

A pleasant odor in the water makes chagrin.
Cornstarch helps plots thicken, as in a blue creamy heron,
not a chicken. Too late the portraits of many souls climb
the wall to be seen by an ultimate question

and the gravity reduction. Smaller revenues were disturbed.
The moment the belt. That last law has been passed
while Joanne sits in Bolinas undiminished.
Resort fashion has shifted unexpectedly.

We mean to give up our lives to escape the lien.
The outdoor furniture makes hope and despair so real.
Could pancreas, bladder, liver and lungs improve the colors
who might win, given the touts and suckers who mingle?

Back to the drawing boards from here to Oregon.
Please, Noah, let the dove in, let the gumball win for old times.
The stand up quoits are now free as we, are we?
Even the simple pause could amen—language forgive us.

All these places are lemon rinds and rank curiosities.
The puckered tides will unleash them and they're gone
—every roof, every door, every dog and fence and hose.
When I don't see them, the moth matches the moon.

The egg we ate was a mispronounced bird like avocet.
Money was always an issue for most of us mudcats.
What shone was shown; what was burned disappeared.
The rulers ruled and the shadow of delight smirked.

The Choir Party

On her lips familiar words become the words

Of an elevation, an elixir of the whole.

Wallace Stevens, *The Woman Who Had More Babies Than That*

I am nothing if not complex.
Michigan is a hotbed of activity.
It's a curiosity.
Don't bubble my vino.
A mint stuck in my lip.

Crabby is as crabby does.
Live in all states by the risk.
The shop on the corner might be or not.
Yes, I'm bound to alcohol: it delivers.
Fruits abound at the crazy market.

I suffer the shadow and love the light.
Geography means ultimately nothing.
The stores are as empty as they are full.
Drink to me with your eyes.
There is no solution.

Mathematics is nutty nonsense.
Grain will soon leave the Midwest for negligence.
Explain if you must but geez.
Sipping the night away.
Accidents of nature, that's all.

The urinary problem takes over.
Rhode Island was only a hope.
Sophocles said something. What?
Mojitos don't beat G and T.
The sweetness of pluots* is a question.

*Pluots, apriums, apriplums, or plumcots, are some of the hybrids between different *Prunus* species that are also called interspecific or are plums. In the U. S. A. these fruits are known as interspecific plums. Both names "plumcot" and "apriplum" have been used for trees derived from a plum seed parent, and are therefore equivalent. cf. *Wiki or Wicked*.

Godiva in Providence

Dawn had the taste of insomnia.
Her arm hair was aroused
by the saline flood of mercy.
These streets were not always angry.
The lawns which were recently very dark
now say they are like haricots vert
but less complex or demanding.
Ivy here controls the walls,
but the U. S. Navy made it feel
like the middle of all battles.
What Action saw was the frieze of misery.
This damn town has schools
that slammed and notarized
Whitman, Whittier, Wordsworth
and spat on the failings of Walpole.
Vergil and Ovid were on a list
but the immoral mothers of illegitimate
babes need not apply to the grim
political machine that believed in itself.
Roger you found a place of rest
but your medulla shrank in the test
of what your cranium could handle.
Ain't that always the way?
Distance is fondness.
She's thinking of riding again
next time with the ninety-nine percent.

Immortality

Clov: Do you believe in the life to come?

Hamm: Mine was always that.

Samuel Beckett, *Endgame*

Jump off the ridge of sadness.
There is a United A320 blinking in the dark.
Frogs have faith that after the croak
there is a lily pad waiting for them.

The activity lit up inside the coconut
abstracting, reacting, peachy but sour
is not a guide or a slogan of truth.
What's happening is grinding out the hour.

Keep my nose working.
Stay the walk that stumbles and reels.
Mom is calling me and she handles heels.
The sign of the cross cannot be beat.

My friend John prays for me I know.
What about your friend John?
Freude is gobsmacked holy and hot.
Nobody I mean nobody will be missed.

Beyoncé who moves it has solved it.
Nights are no longer than life itself.
Take out the baked Lays for your buck.
We all live with crazy, unsupported luck.